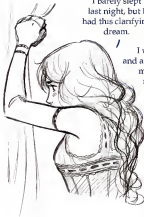


I know
what I have
to do.





I barely slept
last night, but I
had this clarifying
dream.

I was in a ship
and a kangaroo asked
me to borrow
my bicycle.

And I don't
own a bicycle.

I think it's
pretty clear...



I have to go on
a *spiritual trip* to
meditate about my
problems!



Wouldn't it be
better if you'd talk
to me about those
problems?



And could
you stop talking while
you are brushing your
teeth, please? It's
disgusting!

Help me to
find my stuff,
come on.





Hm...

Hm...



Blam!

Ha!
I knew it!





Thump!
Thump!



...



Hm?

What the...?



Fwoooooosh!



Bam!







Woah!



Doctor
Marino?!



Miss...
Abbott...?

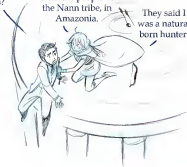
Are you hurt?!
I didn't hit you,
did I?



D-did you
shoot those
arrows?

Yes, I learnt
from the people of
the Nann tribe, in
Amazonia.

They said I
was a natural
born hunter.



Are the
Nann *pinecone*
hunters?

Of course
not.

I was supposed
to hunt my spiritual
guide, but I'm not
capable of hurting
an animal.



Not now
at least.

But back in
my days they called
me the *Sudden
Death*...



So, to get that
spiritual guide, you have
to jump from trees (a terribly
dangerous practice) and
wander around
seminaked?

Oh, I'm so sorry
if my ceremonial outfit
bothers you!

No, no, you are
free to hunt in your
undies if you want, of
course.



What?



I d-don't mean
that I *want* you
to hunt in...

Well, you
know what I
mean!



Sure... Well, I
should go.



I'll leave you
doing whatever
you were doing
in this roof.

Wait,
don't go.

We must
talk about...
... what
happened last
night.

Ah,
o-ok...



And about
what happened in
the porch of my
house.



Well, that was
a long time ago, hehe,
I already forg-

Miss Abbott,
I'm not the
typical donjuan who
takes liberties with the
ladies, I hope you
know that!

What?



I've never done
anything like what
I did last night and
I'm ashamed of
myself.



If what happened
offended you I want
you to tell me right
away.

It didn't
offend me.



There were so many
intoxicating stimuli...
the heat, the dance,
your cheeks...

*My...
cheeks?*



I'm just asking for
the same respect I showed
when it was you the one
who... ahem... when the
other incident.



Respect?
You made fun of
me in the mayor's
ball, don't you
remember?



I only tried to
get things back
to normal.

Anyway,
listen: I've been
doing some
research.

Scientific studies
suggest that the special
characteristic of Spring
affects significantly the
behaviour of all the
living organisms.

I think my unusual
behaviour (and yours)
are related to this.



This kind of
outbursts are normal
between people of our
age and situation.

Apparently it's
all caused by the
weather!

That makes sense,
the accelerated heartbeat,
the strange impulses...

It's like a temporal
disease!

Although
it's already
Autumn...



I know, but this is
an unexpected warm
Autumn, maybe the Spring
theory is still valid in
this case, don't you
think?

Yes, I think
you are right!

We have
identified the
disease, the theory
explains it all!



Then let's
forget about all
of this!

Deal?

Deal!



It's a relief
knowing that this is
only temporary,
right?

In fact I
already feel like
myself again.

Yes, and I
can get rid of this
paint; it burns a
little.



Does it
burn?

Isn't it some
kind of ritual
paint?



It's
toothpaste,
hehe!



Why did you
do that?! Toothpaste
is highly aggressive
to the skin!

I was out of
piranha grease and
bone ash...



Let me
see...



Hm,
doctor...?

Maybe you
shouldn't stay that
close to me until the
Spring effects are
totally gone...



What?

That's nonsense,
now that we know
the cause...

Well, of
course!

I just wanted
to be sure that you
were fine.



I'm fine. Look,
I can be this close
and I don't feel
anything weird.

M-me
neither...



Nothing...
... at all...

I guess
we're completely
cured...

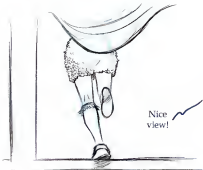




Perfect then!
Let's get out of
here!









Is this the
savage girl you
mentioned in your
letters, *uncle*
Andreas?



Mateo!
What are you
doing here?

Savage?

That weird
Mister Nero told
me you'd be
here.



Yes, but what
are you doing in
this town?

Don't tell
me you have
been expelled
again.



Is it my
fault if people has
no sense of
humour?

What?! Your
parents must be
furious.

Bah, let's not
talk about boring
things. You are
Maty, right?

I'm Mateo
Silva, the fun
nephew of
Andreas.



I'm Catl
Abbott.

Nice to meet
you, Mister Silva,
but I was about
to leave.

Call me
Mateo.

I hope we meet
again, Catl. Maybe
I ask you to show
me the town.



Goodbye,
doctor Marinol
Goodbye, Mister
Silva.

Goodbye,
Miss Abbott.

Bye,
love!



What's
wrong with
you?!!

Is that what they
teach in my old school
these days?

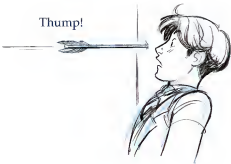
Easy, uncle!
Haha, she is not
mad, chicks love
bold men.



Hit my heart
with your arrows,
Miss Abbott!



Thump!



W-w-what...?



I wouldn't mess
with the *Sudden Death*
if I were you,
nephew.

Never.





patreon.com/Maripaz_Villar

Miss Abbott and the doctor

GORY + ART

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